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VOL 6. NO. 137.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

AUGUST 9,

1862.

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TIT FOR TAT.

Barkeeper, (reading from check.) — "'BUGGINS, GOOD FOR FIFTY CENTS' — WHAT'S ALL THIS?"
Buggins.—"ONE OF MY CHECKS. JUST FORK OVER FORTY-FOUR CENTS, AND WE'LL BE SQUARE FOR THE DRINK I'VE HAD!"

"Benefit of Mr. Forrest."

EDWIN FORREST has contributed a check for $1000, "to carry on the war against the rebels and restore the Union."

This great Act of the great Actor will everywhere be hailed with applause. Duty his Prompter, the renowned tragedian has nobly played his part for the Benefit of the nation.

Pottery.

"THAT'S Ewer business," as the Pot said when the Kettle told him he wasn't a gentleman by a Jug-full.

A FUR FAST GOING OUT OF FASHION.—The Fur-lough.

Ducks and Drakes.

A LIVELY writer in one of the Sunday papers, describing a thunder-shower in the Central Park, makes the following astounding statement:

"The ladies came out like drowned peacocks."

This, now, to our way of thinking, is taking a very reprehensible liberty with everything lovely and feminine. "Peacocks," quoth 'a! If this sort of thing goes on, we shall hear some fellow apostrophizing the object of his affections as a "dear little draky drake," by and by.

Con.: By General Sentiment.

Q. WHAT was the chief difference between the memorable geese of the Roman Capitol, and the ganders who lately formed the principal element of our dissolved Congress at Washington?

A. The former saved Rome, while the latter (only) raved "Some!"

HOLLOW STICKS.

THERE is nothing so very new, after all, in the following:

"Hollow metallic canes filled with condensed gas, are now used in some of the European cities. The bearer has only to turn a small nipple, and apply his match, when he will instantly find himself furnished with a torch which will light him for several hours."

For years past, a similar invention has been in use by the rabid press of this country. Take any average copy of the *Evening Post*, for example, and you will find in it several Sticks full of Gas, and of a very foul quality of gas, at that. The *Tribune*, too, has long had a hollow cylinder (press,) from which gas issues in any quantity, by simply turning on a very small whipper-snapper. We don't know how the director manages to "apply his match," though, as that is indeed a thing difficult to find; and as for the gas "lighting him for several hours," it seems to us that he is always deeper in the dark the more he turns it on.

Coïncidental with the invention under notice, there is near Naples a "show place" called the *Grotto del Cane*—not that cane, but another cane, however. From fissures in this cave there issues a mephitic vapor, the deadly quality of which is pleasingly illustrated by the guide, who holds a dog with his head in the fatal fumes for a moment, when the devoted animal kicks and dies. How suggestive and full of comparison is this! But shall we be outdone by a semi-bloated and effete European nation? Not so. Let us, too, have our *Grotto del Cane*, or asylum for Hollow Sticks charged with mephitic gas. There need be no expense incurred in the matter, as Fort Lafayette would make an excellent Grotto for the purpose, and we would lay on the Cane; so that justice would be satisfied, and the Cave (of the rabid Press) complete.

Theatrical.

WOULD it not be consistent with the usages regulating the habits of birds, to class the nightly *habitués* of WALLACK'S Theatre during the present season as FLORENCE NIGHTINGALES?

FRUITLESS ASPIRATIONS.

OUR Cockney commissioner, to whom we lately entrusted the important task of investigating and reporting on the sanitary condition of the camp in the City Hall Park, called upon us, a few days since, to make a brief personal statement of his observations. The very first result of these was his conviction that Hairy tents are the only things to Harm people against 'Eat. In this we opposed him, illustrating our position by assuming that buffalo-skin marquees, for instance, with the 'Air all inside, would be but little better than 'Otter skin tents. Here he said something about 'Umbug; and, as we stooped to pick up the H dropped by him from that ill-used word, he vanished into thin 'Air, which was very unaccountable to us, from the circumstance of his being totally bald. It is possible, however, that he only went out to Hair himself in the Park, and intends to return in due time for an 'Earing—which he shall have.

Charge, Chandler, Charge!

IT is stated that Senator CHANDLER, of Michigan, is raising a regiment, which he intends to command in person. This is right. We have no doubt that the "Chandlers" will go in with a Rush, when they are pitted against men of their own Mould.

Flint and Steal.

THE Hardest thing yet said of Secretary STANTON is to be found in a Boston paper, which asserts that he is nephew to FLINT, of Culpepper Court-House, who is said to be a fast friend of FLOYD.

Query by a Freemason.

STONEWALL JACKSON is a bold General, we must admit—but as we have many a Boulder in our own army, and are in full Mortar practice, besides, why shouldn't we build up a Stone Wall for ourselves?

JONATHAN ON FEMALE LOAFERS.

Haöw praöud it makes me feel, to hear
My dear old gran'sir' tell
What *women* did for the noble cause
Them treüe men loved so well!

And thank the Lord! that kind o' grit
Ain't quite rubbed aöut, to-day!
There's many a woman livin' naöw
That feels the same old way!

In Revoleütion times, all sich
As didn't want to *act*
Kep' busy with their own consarns,
And all men knew the fact.

But 'tain't so, naöw; jes' put up, once,
At any big hotèl;
Ef you c'n stan' it long enough,
The job 'll pay you well.

You'll find a lot o' women there—
Loafers in petticoats—
Talkin' secession night an' day,
An' no one don't take notes.

With nothin' else on airth to do,
They talk a stiddy stream;
An' treason lays in every word
That *men* don't dare to *dream!*

And sech as can't show off so graänd,
Hunt up some one hoss place;
And while they run their rebel clack,
Some on 'em run their face.

An' lots o' women sponge araöund
On friends that can't say nay,
An' pay for every privilege
In just the same mean way.

By mighty! haöw it b'iles my blood
To think o' folks so low—
So blind to common decency,
That women used to know!

They've done more damage, every way—
They've kep' more men to hum
Than all the sneakin' editors
From here to kingdom come!

We've got aöur reputation up
For humorin' the sex;
The most o' womankind, aöut here,
Git nothin' but respec's.

But naöw there's some that otto drink
Aöut of another cup;
And *I'm* on hand to jest help take
An' shet them women up!

A WORD WITH THE N. Y. "TIMES."

YOUNG MAN:—We are not altogether pleased with you, of late. And as we are direct and plain, you shall soon know why. There was a time when you evinced so singular a constancy to your opinions as to win our regard—even though we sometimes could not wholly approve the sentiment which originated your attachment. Thus, you stood up for LOUIS NAPOLEON a very long while, and played his apologist so earnestly, one could not well avoid the inference that you were devoted to the Emperor with the fervor of a real liking, or perhaps worship. And only of late, when it has been apparent you could not well afford to befriend him, have you unmistakably turned the cold shoulder. So, in your hates, you have shown us a similar constancy—as witness your chronic and peculiar bitterness toward your great London namesake, in which feeling we do not remember the least softening, for several years. We have, in the main, warmly applauded this creditable sort of moral rabies, though we confess to have been at times amused with the comical unction of your style in relation to that print, and the ludicrous intensity of that hereditary spite which no other theme seems odious enough to elicit.

It were well for the country, Young Man, had the same intrepidity, the same constancy, but characterized your later movements. For your influence is great; you do the thinking, and supply the opinions, of a great many American citizens. It was well for you to uphold MCCLELLAN; it was well for "H. J. R." to send you copious details of his movements, and cordial frequent approval of his plans. For you justly averred that every confidence was due to so brave and skilful a general, both because he had given proof of eminent abilities, and also because he was in a position where he required not only the material aid but moral sympathy of his countrymen. If we mistake not, you went so far with this just and generous theory, as to call it traitorous to evince a wish to impair the people's confidence in him.

But what have you been doing, lately? And what has MCCLELLAN done to cause you so to act? You have turned short round, and in long and elaborate essays now labor to shake the people's confidence in their favorite. Has he done aught, since the period of your cordial approval, to weaken your faith in him? He has not had time to do anything; and no news has lately brought us anything which could be distorted by his worst enemy to his discredit. What, then, can have induced you to assume your late injurious attitude toward him?

Think us not too suspicious, Young Man, if we seek in General HALLECK'S recent elevation the key to your disgraceful summersault. You worship the rising sun. Your consistency is an affectation, while your aim is a reputation for sagacity. When have you shown a patient and untiring devotion to an unpopular man or cause? This is the test of sincerity; this tries one's greatness of soul.

And a word or two on another point. It was but lately your theory—eminently just and sound, too—that naught should be done to *discourage* the people, or add to the gloom and depression which already were far too general. But your constancy to that truth has not been eminent; for your late issues have labored to increase that gloom and depression—by announcing that it exists, and thus frightening many who had not before been assured of it by a respectable authority, and by throwing cold water on the new-enlistment project. How conscientious you are in this enterprise may be seen by one who reads your issues carefully. On Wednesday you inform the people that "the roundabout method adopted by the Government in making the new call for three hundred thousand volunteers, does not appear to work happily:" a re-cast of other assertions to the same effect. But the very next day you tell us that "the impression is [among the authorities at Washington, where they possess means of ascertaining] that the President's call for 300,000 additional volunteers is already being responded to throughout the country *with an alacrity sufficient to insure the entire number in a much shorter time than was anticipated.*" And you add, "Certainly the accounts of recruiting movements which reach us *from every direction* [and therefore must have been reaching you on and previous to Wednesday morning] seem to warrant this belief."

And these, Young Man, are not your only late inconsistencies. Do you think, in view of the solemn exigencies of our beloved country, that you can quite justify your course, to your conscience? If you can, you are quite beyond warning or reproof, and we have but wasted our time. But we hope not; for many brave and true words have been uttered by you, and we would that those you may utter in future may be as effectual as former ones. In this hope, and with this view, have we spoken. And now, Young Man, farewell.

Vanity Fair.

AN EYE TO MEXICO.

GENEALOGISTS tell us that EUGENIE, Empress of the French Emperor, is collaterally descended from the ancient Scottish family of KIRKPATRICK. There is an old tradition connected with that family, embodying a romantic tale of the assassination of a redoubtable chieftain called the Red COMYN, if we remember rightly. The little business was transacted in a church—to keep up appearances and save gas expenses, probably—and the principal feature of the entertainment was the act of one of the KIRKPATRICKS, who, after the Red COMYN had been reduced to a degree of tolerably complete demise by the other ruffians, returned as they were leaving the vestibule, and, inserting his dagger into the heart of his victim, made use of these remarkable words, "I mak sicker," which, in modern English, mean, "I make sure." Whether the tradition is false or true, the words quoted are the family motto of the KIRKPATRICKS at the present day. Ill-natured persons hint that the founder of the family was a physician, and that the "I mak sicker" was chalked satirically upon his door by bad boys; but, at any rate, the Empress EUGENIE has the words scrolled somewhere upon her armorial bearings, a fact from which it is natural and reasonable to infer that LOUIS NAPOLEON first took a hint to Eye Mexico.

Anomalous, yet True.

THAT any woman should have a good eye—*for a man.*

AN OBJECT OF INTEREST.

Burglar.—"Returned Volunteer, Miss—lost my health on the Chickahominy."

Young Innocence.—"O yes!—how very interesting!"

A BRITISH ASPASIA.

Vanity Fair finds itself called to the discharge of a disagreeable duty, which it intends, however, with its usual delicacy, to perform. In a London newspaper, now before us—a pretty notorious newspaper, for it is called *The Times*, and a very hard old Times we consider it—we find a long communication, setting forth that a certain woman—no! we will not pollute that honest Saxon word by using it here—a certain lady, we will say, has attracted the attention of London society, by being "a charming creature"—by being "beautifully dressed," and by "driving two of the handsomest brown ponies eye ever beheld." Let us venture to give a few extracts from the article in which this charmer of charmers is described:

[Introductory.]

"Sir:—Early in the season of 1861 a young lady, whom I must call Anonyma, for I have never been able to learn her name, made her appearance in Hyde Park. She was a charming creature, beautifully dressed, and she drove with ease and spirit two of the handsomest brown ponies eye ever beheld."

[The Virtuous British Youth are Enchanted.]

"A good many young gentlemen seemed to be acquainted with her; but their recognition was generally limited to a respectful bow as she passed by, or to a few friendly words slily interchanged on the step of her pony-carriage when she drew up in some remote corner of the Park."

[The Virtuous British Female Competes with Her.]

"The highest ladies in the land enlisted themselves as her disciples. Driving became the rage. Three, four, five, six hundred guineas were freely given for pairs of ponies, on the simple condition that they should be as handsome as Anonyma's, that they should show as much breeding as Anonyma's, that they should step as high as Anonyma's. If she wore a pork-pie hat, they wore pork-pie hats; if her paletot was made by Poole, their paletots were made by Poole; if she reverted to more feminine attire, they reverted to it also. Where she drove they followed; and I must confess that, as yet, Anonyma fairly has distanced her fair competitors. They can none of them sit, dress, drive, or look as well as she does; nor can any of them procure for money such ponies as Anonyma contrives to get for love."

[What Happens at 6 o'Clock P.M.]

"At 6 o'clock P.M., Anonyma and her ponies appear, and they are satisfied. She threads her way dexterously, with an unconscious air, through the throng, commented upon by hundreds who admire and hundreds who envy her. She pulls up her ponies to speak to an acquaintance, and her carriage is instantly surrounded by a multitude; she turns and drives back again towards Apsley House, and then—away into the unknown world, nobody knows whither."

Now, who does the reader suppose this petticoated paragon, this cynosure of the British eye, this adored of British youth, this envied of British dames, this elegant creator of enraptured mobs, this enchantress of the Park, this peerless introducer of the pork-pie hat, this Beauteous Form of Life and Light, which now has become A London Sight, to be?

Why, she is——

Yes, she is——

As true as we live, she is——

Why, not to put too fine a point upon it, she is one of the Babylonian variety of females.

One of those women who in New-York—degraded, debauched, naughty New-York—are sometimes escorted to durance by Policeman 227, or some other Numbered Guardian of the Public Morals, and treated to an insular country residence which is very Well but also very Black.

Fancy one of these enchantresses equestrianizing, with only one pony, in Central Park, and a mob of fine ladies and gentlemen following! Why, the very swans would go under for shame, and never come up again!

Fancy the *élite* of New-York women saying:

"Dear me! how beautiful she is!"

"Arabella, my dear, do you know who she is?"

"Mamma, I must really have a pork-pie hat!"

"Papa, do give me a pony like hers!"

And we can imagine Gunnybags distinctly answering:

"I'll see you —— first!"

The barbarous old Gunnybags!

We do not pretend here in New-York to the height—the Mt. Blanc, as you may say—of human virtue; but neither have we arrived at the sweet London Summit of Sin. We have, perhaps, Protected Females; but few, we think, like this Shameless and Nameless London Female. Neither after such do our Virtuous Female Aristocrats run—unless, now and then, to the Theatre, where the idolatrous worship can be conducted from the safe distances of the boxes.

We condole with Exeter Hall upon the alarming condition of British Society. Why will not Lord Palmerston—that Joseph of Cabinet Ministers—issue a Proclamation in praise of Virtue? And the London Tract Society issue the Nobility's Edition of Pamela; or Virtue Rewarded?

If something isn't done, we expect to learn that the Bishop of London has called upon the Illustrious Beauty, in full canonical fig——

That Palmerston has given her a pension——

Or has made her a Peeress in her own right.

And what next?

Heaven only knows!

ENOUGH TO GET ONE'S CHOLER UP.

A Prussian officer, so the European journals inform us, has discovered a substitute for gunpowder, and of what do you suppose, dear reader, that it is made? Of nothing less than starch, we assure you. Goodness gracious! only to think of starch being converted into an explosive, as if grimy old gunpowder wasn't Stiffener enough for any reasonable people! When the new gun-starch comes into general use, we suppose that washerwomen will employ it for getting up dresses made of gun-cotton, which, no doubt, will become very popular among spinsters of a "certain age," in view of giving them a chance to Go Off at last.

A VERSE TO THE SEA.

By a Thalassophobist.

The "poetry of motion"
Has been ascribed to thee,
Thou bullying old Ocean,
By bards of high degree:
But I, for one, deny it,
My eyes can only view
Upon thy waves unquiet
The prose of—ugh! boohoo!

Secession Algebra.

The Richmond *Despatch* says that "one nigger is worth two Yankees."

Now, our opinion on the subject is, that although one Secessionist may be worth ever so many "niggers," it is always easy to find a Yankee worth three of *him*.

VOLUNTEERS, OR DRAFTS.

CONSCRIPTION is the thing, above all others, by which the effete condition of ancient Rome, at one period of her existence, is brought most vividly into the field of our mental retrospect. Think of what flap daudle-fed muffs the Roman youths must have been, when their sires had to serve as conscripts, leaving them to lounge and "loaf and indulge their souls" in the *balnea*, or barrooms with baths attached! At least all this must have been so, else why read we of the Conscript Fathers? "Three Conscript Fathers," says the Latin legend, "set out in a boat for Philippi;" probably it was a gun-boat, but of that we have no certain information. Each of these Conscript Fathers, we may assume, had half a dozen muscular sons, who, fascinated by Falernian wine and pretty waiter-girls, could not be expected to serve their country at the expense of their little comforts and pleasures. Why should facinating young men who can always wheedle confiding tailors out of becoming peg-tops, be expected to rush madly into imminent, deadly breaches? Why, indeed? Actuated by this philosophy, the young men of æsthetic but effete Rome "didn't use to see it" when the *tympanum*, or drum, and the *tenuis avena*, or fife, went round with joyful din and invited them to proceed to some stated point at which glory was keeping rendezvous for them. TITUS LIVIUS openly states that they "did not see it much;" while a post-mortuary commentator of his, whose name has escaped our memory, adds in a foot-note, "Not any."

While ancient Rome depended upon her volunteers, she drove a good business in the way of battles, and always had a large skedaddle to her credit in the Bank of Mars. There was patriotism around, in those days. The young Romans had a proper respect for their fathers, nay, even for their uncles; although, as a *jeunesse doreé*, there was but seldom any necessity for them to have recourse to the three golden balls. It was then that the country was truly great. It was then that the Eagle soared into the glare of the sun, and, scanning the far-off regions where the foreigner battened him upon beef and pudding, saw nothing that he couldn't lick. But the period of Dissipation arrived, and manhood gave way to patent-leather Balmorals, with other morals to match. Then soldiers could no longer be raised from among the young men, who shuddered at the idea of anything involving personal fatigue and the privation of fancy drinks. The youth of the middling classes took their cue (billiard and otherwise) from the scions of the wealthier houses, and, preferring the subterranean saloon with its attendant courtezans to patriotism and glory, soon degenerated so disgustingly that it took twelve of them to drag a hose-cart across a gutter.

Then drafting was resorted to; but the spirit of the people seemed to have died out, and three drafted men were considered to be unequal, in active service, to one of the old-time volunteers. It was about this time that the *toga virilis*, or tunic, began to be manufactured out of an inferior stuff called "shoddy," the contact of which is supposed to have had a very debasing influence upon the Roman youth.

Finally, as the Decline of the Empire waxed, the children of Rome waned. Conscription had to be resorted to, for the purpose of maintaining the "considerably decimated" cohorts, as our modern war-correspondents recklessly express it, and the Child became the Father of the Man. In other words, the old fogies had to turn out and fight, because the young fellows couldn't.

"History," we are told, "is Philosophy, teaching by examples. Let it teach. There are traces of the effete Rome of old in some modern cities, though, of course, New-York is not one of them.

THE PHYSIC IN STORE FOR US.

IN due course, when taxation shall have settled down into a grim old fact, a great many things of which people do not dream in their lighter hours will force themselves upon their senses. We know hundreds of worthy persons, for instance, the sole consolation of whose worldly pilgrimage lies in taking pills. Others, the principal charm of whose existence is represented by potions. Drugs of the nastiest kinds—and it is in such, only, that true happiness resides—are heavily taxed in many instances, under the new levy. We have not had the pleasure of observing how asafœtida stands upon the pages of the bill, which is not at hand just as we are writing; but, if the duty upon it makes it prohibitory except to the millionaire, we know of twenty-four families in comfortable circumstances who will be reduced to misery. There is one prominent citizen, a pale, powerful man, who will certainly commit *hari-kari* if the tax upon rhubarb reduces it to an occasional luxury only, because he makes bushels of pills out of it, himself, and lives on them exclusively. The soothing-syrups and other ravishing elixirs which little children cry for—and after—will have to be made so nice that nobody will care about them; and nothing will thenceforward go as merry as a marriage bell, according to the invariable custom of everything so long as nausea pervaded the potion and the pill.

These are gloomy forebodings; but we feel that it is our duty to speak out.

"The Offence is Rank."

UNDER existing circumstances not totally unconnected with the Change Question, we would suggest the following new reading for Mr. R. BURNS's stirring lines:

"The rank is but the Postage-stamp,
The Man's the gold, for a' that."

An Abuse to be Corrected.

CHANDLER'S Abuse of MCCLELLAN.

Change.

WE understand that the well-known letters P. S. are about to supersede the well-known sign of $. As the latter formerly represented our old currency, the former latterly represents our new P—ostage S—tamps.

A Gum Game.

Do you know how Uncle SAM transformed gum-paper into money? He said to the Postage-stamps, "Presto, pass!" and they Pass ever since.—[*Musings of a Financier.*]

"Ain't we Glad we're out of the Wilderness!"

A STAMMERING friend of ours, who loves to cull flowers in the wilderness of words, says that there's nothing to be found there more "ch-charming than the F-FERNS."

It's all a matter of taste. For our part we would rather have Hel-hel-heliotrope.

Unkind, Indeed.

"WHAT do you think of my new suit, now?" asked the Dandy.

"Like this bowl of punch," replied X., thoughtfully, stirring the iced and fruity sea before him.

"How, like that?"

"Got a Big Spoon in it!" said X.

Broken Confectionery.

IN former days, we remember, stout old TOM BENTON gave the name of "Mint Drops" to the National Currency. It is well, perhaps, that he never lived to see the Change that later days have wrought; instead of gold, postage-stamps; instead of Mint Drops, Gum Drops!

Governor Morgan's Little Game.

"I am a Major-General,
A Chief without command,
Yet I would play at soldiers
And hold a winning hand.

"I laugh at what the President
And hopeful People say;
The dodge political is mine—
That is the game I play."

THE "AID AND COMFORT" OF THE "TRIBUNE."

SOMEBODY once said that, "Whom the gods wish to flabbergast they first qualify for an Idiot Asylum." Perhaps we do not translate the original words—which are in Latin—very elegantly; but we think that they will do extremely well, in our humble vernacular, for the Senior Editor of the *Tribune*, to whom we mean very particularly to apply them. There are limits to all things; and very noticeably, indeed, to the intellects of the singular old "party" referred to, which seem to have gone quite to chowder since the dog-days began to influence the Roast. If this is otherwise instead of so, we should like to know how else to account for the following choice cube of gammon, fished up out of a *Tribune olla podrida*, about a week since:

"It is quite needless to say that the author of Order No 3 was not *our* choice for commander of the armies of the United States. No man who ever *could* have issued that Order, comprehends sufficiently the nature and vital elements of the great struggle which now convulses our country to be placed by us in any such position."

On reference to the obnoxious "Order No. 3," it will be seen that the whole object, aim, and drift of it is to prevent the transmission of intelligence to the enemy through "outsiders" loitering about our camps. Nettled by this Order, which, of course, deprives the rebels of a certain amount of "aid and comfort" heretofore enjoyed by them, the Senior Editor of the *Tribune* becomes the victim of a singular delusion; he fancies that he is Somebody, instead of Tomnoddy, and tells his readers that General HALLECK, the author of the proper and regular military regulation referred to, was no appointment of His, and couldn't have been so, in fact, because that regulation was levelled at Black spies instead of White! Thus, it will be seen that the old Pepperbox with H. G. marked upon the lid of it does not contain All Spice; it is so constructed, apparently, as to sift out the white kind into the dirt, and leave the Black for "aid and comfort" to treason. The colored contraband, according to the principle laid down by the *Tribune*, ought to have every facility afforded him for carrying on a system of *espionage* in our camps and fortifications. He ought to be carefully nurtured by the Union soldier, who should be rigidly instructed to make him acquainted with every proposed movement of our armies; with the weak points of this stronghold and that; with the fallacies of our "base lines;" with the complications of our quartermasterly manœuvres. This done, the highly organized contraband should be gently dismissed from our confiding camps, with a blessing on the woolly head that holds so much "aid and comfort" for the enemy, and a note of admiration for the unctuous tongue that is going to impart it to him.

If this is not exactly what the Senior Editor of the *Tribune* means by his rabid objection to General HALLECK'S Order No. 3, we want to know what he *does* mean by it, or whether he means anything.

Something Good, at Last.

A WAR correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* thinks that "ere the leaves fall Richmond will have fallen." This is a cheerful anticipation, if only to think that we have got the Rebels "Up a Tree."

APPROPRIATE.—Gov. TOD, of Ohio, goes in for a Draft.

The Chin-ese Question.

A SWEET correspondent, who introduces herself as SACHARISSA, complains that Kid gloves have become quite an expensive luxury owing to the new tariff, while Goatees, which are anything but becoming to the young men, are allowed to wag untaxed.

We sympathize with SACHARISSA, and do not see why there should not be a Chin Tax as well as a Poll Tax.

HORTICULTURAL.

OF all plums, the plummiest, perhaps, is the Orleans Plum. It grows in pairs—which is the more remarkable that *pair*, in French, means peer, and the Orleans Plum is not given to acknowledging any peer. It was introduced to this country by a French Prince, and flourished for some time in the latitude of Washington. Something or another, however—perhaps the climate, possibly the prospect of a red Autumn—prevented the imported Orleans plums from coming to maturity here, and they dropped from the tree while yet green—very.

We were disappointed in the Orleans Plum, which has the reputation of being good in a Jam, but disappeared so suddenly just as jam-time was approaching. Plums were made to be preserved, however; and it might have been from an instinct of self-preservation that our Orleans Plums skedaddled just when they did.

AHEAD OF THE LONDON PRESS.

HERE is a nice little subject for dissection by the English journals:

"AUCTION SALE OF SOUTHERN BELLS.—The bells captured at New-Orleans and sent North by Gen. BUTLER are to be sold at auction to-morrow at East-Boston. There are some four hundred in all, varying in size from little to great."

Numerous leading articles for the London *Times*, *Post*, and *Herald*, loom up in the above little paragraph. Nothing can be easier than to add an e to the world "bell," which at once converts the announcement into one of another horrible HAYNAU outrage on the part of General BUTLER; and the teeming journals will then overflow with gall about American Woman as a marketable article, forgetful that England, herself, once had a Lady SALE in India.

A SERENADE.

I.

I SING beneath your lattice, Love,
A song of great regard for you;
The moon is getting rather high;
My voice is, too.

II.

The lakelet in deep shadow lies
Where frogs make much hulabaloo;
I think they sing a trifle hoarse,
And, Love, me too.

III.

The blossoms on the pumpkin-vine
Are weeping diamond tears of dew;
'Tis warm, the flowers are wilting fast;
My linen, too.

IV.

All motionless the cedars stand,
With silent moonbeams slanting through;
The very air is drowsy, Love,
And I am, too.

V.

Oh! could I soar on loving wings,
And at your window gently woo!
But then your lattice you would bolt—
So I'll bolt, too.

VI.

And now I've done my serenade,
Farewell! my best regards to you;
I'll close with one (French) word for All,
And that is "*tout!*"

How we Handle our Ores.

A WRITER in the *Daily Times* asserts that the best quality of decarbonated iron manufactured in England, is actually obtained from the mines in Sussex County, New-Jersey.

This iron, doubtless, will be largely used for plating English vessels of war, thus furnishing a new example of how readily England rushes upon our resources, when it suits her so to do; for, anticipating a probable result, we may well say that, although we do not row in the same boat with England, she gets her ships along with the help of our Ores.

THIS ELEGANT YOUNG MAN PRESENTS TO THE RECRUITING COMMITTEE A PETITION, SIGNED BY 500 LADIES, PRAYING THAT HE MAY BE EXEMPTED FROM MILITARY DUTY, AS DRAFTS DO NOT AGREE WITH HIS CONSTITUTION.

Done by a Simple Turn.

SOMEBODY asked JENKS if he had ever read POPE'S work of the "Essay on Man." "No, sir," replied the inveterate J., who had just finished the perusal of General HATCH'S recent exploits; "but I have this moment read the work of POPE'S man on the C. S. A."

A FLOWER WHICH IS NOT LIABLE TO CHANGE.—Anemone.

A Toast! A Toast!

HERE'S to our new Rear-Admirals, and may they all prove themselves Front-Admirals whenever they have a chance!

See the Point of It?

A QUAINT old heathen philosopher—was it not SOCRATES?—used frequently to remark that a sewing-machine cannot be looked upon as a needleless luxury.

And So He Is.

AT the Great War-Meeting in Union Square, General FREMONT was, according to the *Tribune*, saluted by "several thousands" of men (*who did not go to the War*) with the cry of, "Go it, old Pathfinder; you are the General for Us!"

Hardly "Birds of a Feather."

CORRESPONDENTS of the daily press frequently make use of the expression *gulled* by a *canard*, seemingly unconscious of the queer ornithological blunder therein involved.

THE SOLDIER ON LEAVE.

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO THE ROBUST INVALIDS IN UNIFORM WHO FREQUENT BROADWAY.

I.

I'm a Soldier on Leave, and I think 'tis rare fun
To fight for the Union the way I have done;
If the life of a Soldier with pleasure you'd weave,
Why, join our brave Army and go home on leave,
With your fol-de-rol lol! let who wishes it, roam
To the red field of battle, but I stay at home!

II.

On Broadway I'm grand: though I'm sick, I look well,
And the girls all admire the officer swell
With a gorgeous new uniform, buttoned and laced,
That never with powder and blood was disgraced.
With my fol-de-rol lol! let who wishes it, fight:
Give me Broadway by day and a parlor by night!

III.

The Surgeon's my brother, he'll do aught for me—
He says I am troubled with Debili-ty;
And to tell you the truth, it's as sure as you're born,
After dining out late, I've a headache each morn.
With my fol-de-rol lol! let who will, lose or gain,
But give me my partridge and lots of champagne!

IV.

To be sure, I am burning with love of the North;
And if e'er I get well, I intend to go forth
To fight in the battles of good Uncle Sam . . .
But just now, if you please, I will stay where I am
With my fol-de-rol lol! let who will, convalesce;
I'm no such a person, I'm bound to confess!

V.

Some call me a coward; that isn't polite;
For how can you think a poor sick man to fight?
And then, Generosity's very sublime . . .
Aren't you willing a Coward should have a good time?
With his fol-de-rol lol! let who wishes it, die,
'Tis hardly the fate for such fellows as I!

An Attack of White Liver.

"WHAT are you doing at home?" asked the Landlady of the Officer; "why aren't you down in Virginia, fighting?"

"I, Madam?" replied the robust invalid; "I'm on sick-leave. I have an illness to fight, now."

"An illness?" asked X. "Oh! yes; that's an indisposition. Yes, you have an Indisposition to Fight!"

Patriotic Query.

AS General BURNSIDE has done the most toward securing openings to the coast-line of the rebellious States, would it be more than proper to offer the bays of the hero to the Hero of the Bays?

A Safe Suggestion.

THE association between HUDIBRAS and chilled iron may not, at the first flush, be very obvious to all our readers, but it nevertheless exists. See here, now. Instead of the old Hudibrastic reading—

"Ah me! what perils the man environ
Who dares to meddle with cold iron,"

will it not be very appropriate, now and then, to quote the couplet thus—

"Ah me! what perils the ship environ
That dares to pitch into *chilled* iron"?—

the metal referred to, you see, being the kind used in the construction of plated ships and other iron Safes.

XUM

A KICK FROM A HORSE.

IN the following paragraph, furnished by an evening paper, there is a large amount of victuals for the reflective mind to feed upon:

"The horse epidemic which prevailed in Gen. McClellan's camp and destroyed a number of valuable animals, is abating. It was caused by musty hay and oats furnished by rascally contractors. Others attribute it to the heat. The horses are taken very suddenly, when they fall and cannot rise, and linger in great pain some eight or ten hours."

The very same journal from which we have clipped the foregoing has another paragraph, commenting upon the sudden rise to wealth, position, and "respectability" of many mysterious persons in our midst. Palatial residences upon the fashionable avenues have gone into the hands of men whose loftiest aspirations, two years ago, could never have gyrated to the height of a four-story brown-stone front, with all the modern improvements. The wild dance of the successful contractor reverberates through gilded halls of dazzling gas-light. For him the red wine mantles in the golden goblet. The tropics extend to him their brown arms, laden with fruits the most luscious, pot-herbs the most prepossessing. Supine turtles pant obesely for him upon the marble floors of the establishments whence families—singular as it may appear—are supplied by the quart, gallon, or in larger quantities, to suit those in want of the article. At the adhesive postage-stamp he points the fat finger of scorn, and laughs the loud Ha! ha! of one whose Herring Safe is a choice aquarium stocked with gold and silver fishes, which may well be called the real shiners of the Deep, although hankered after with equal cupidity by the Shallow. The world is his pearl-oyster, in fact, and he opens it greedily with—what? Why, with a horny, club-knuckled hand, grimed by contract with many a dirty job, and greasy from the pouring out with it of much palm-oil. By that hand how much barbaric gold has been twined upon the black-satin breasts of the Congressional Jupiters at whose nod contracts arise from the depths of perpetual sulphur! The bales of resplendent camel-hair shawls laid unreproachably by the same hand upon the shoulders of the partners of the black-satin bosoms of the Congressional Jupiters at whose nod contracts arise from the depths of perpetual sulphur!

And far away in McClellan's camp by the James River, sorry horses, whose anatomy is artistically projected with sharp touches of bone upon the high lights, reel feebly in the sun, as their half-horse power memories shuffle mournfully back to the long but happy days, when they dragged a more tolerable existence and a Broadway stage. The last stage of the poor creatures is worse than the first. They are "taken very suddenly" with the spasms, for the production of which musty hayis a known specific. The spurious oats out of which they tried hard to masticate a noontide oat meal, are stopped as contraband by the rigid toll-takers of their intestinal canals. "They fall and cannot rise," though no Russ pavement rattles to their iron soles, and they "linger in pain some eight or ten hours," until death releases them from the gripe of the fraudulent contractor.

For it is to the F. C. that our cavalry man is indebted for the want of a horse. Let the cavalry man toast the F. C. and roast him. Fill a bumper to the F. C.—May everything that goes into his mouth be Musty, except his ale, and may he always find a horse-shoe in that!

Con.: by a Beery Lunatic.

Q. Why—why's a Postage-stamp like Brignoli's legs?
A. Sticks!

ART MATTERS AT RICHMOND.

THERE is a description given in a late number of the Richmond *Enquirer*, of certain oil paintings "illustrative of incidents of the present war," and now on exhibition in that city. One of them represents a portion of FLOYD'S command crossing New River, and the critic tells us that the composition comprises "stream, slope, forest, rock and mountain"—all of which we are quite willing to believe, especially the Slope.

Doctors Differ.

THE *Evening Express* states that the Rebel troops "have no scurvy among them," while, according to our way of thinking, they are nothing but a scurvey set.

LITERARY ITEMS.

WE understand that an enterprising publisher of this city is about to produce a new edition of DOUGLAS JERROLD'S "Man made of Money." The title of the book is to be changed, however, out of deference to the suffering American public, and it will be announced, accordingly, as "The Man made of Postage-stamps."

On dit, that Mr. J. W. WALLACK, Sen., intends to give another revival of the standard English drama at his theatre next season. This has induced an energetic publisher, here, to risk a new issue of BULWER LYTTON'S "Money," which will be published in postage-stamps, like any other money.

A neat pocket-edition of the poems of ROBERT BURNS has just been announced by a spirited publisher of Boston. The work has been carefully localized and written up to suit the people among whom and the times in which we live. For instance, the fine line—

"Beneath the hawthorn-tree that scents the gale,"

has been altered to—

"Beneath the hawthorn-tree that postage-stamps the gale"—

because, as everybody knows, the cent has evaporated long since.

An active bibliopole of Philadelphia will soon publish a novel edition of PHILLIPS'S fine old poem, "The Splendid Shilling." As the shilling is a *caput mortuum*, however, the wily speculator has wisely changed the title of the poem to "The Gorgeous Twenty-five-cent Tavern Check."

"Attended to with Neatness and Despatch."

WE have received a note from "Mrs. ERMINA MUFFIN," with a postcript occupying two sheets of foolscap, asking us to inform her whether her Parrott is liable to the Poll tax.

He be.

Mortuary Mirth.

"MONEY is no more," said VALENTINE, as he gazed regretfully upon a *carte-de-visite* portrait of a half-dime, suspended for show in a shop window. "Weep for the departed; raise a tall monument to his memory!"

"It has been done," rejoined ORSON; "they've been and gone and put a *timbre-poste* over his remains."

A Switch from a Cane Brake.

A WRITER in the Richmond *Whig* says that "the dogs ought to be exterminated."

We fully agree with that writer. The majority of Secessionist planters are dependent upon the *Canes*, and, of course, the sooner the latter are destroyed the better.

"Sic Itur ad Astra."

IT appears that General MITCHEL, in spite of the mysterious charges made against him by the Louisville *Journal*, is "shortly to be assigned an important command."

If this is true, the famous astronomer is to be congratulated that our war business is not conducted upon the Star-Chamber principle.

"The Pope he Leads," etc., etc.

A PROVINCIAL paper complains that General POPE "seems to be very fond of hotel life."

Excellent Provincial Paper, do you suppose that General POPE, or any other man, is sanctified by the possession of all the Cardinal virtues?"